Hope, Faith and Fear

More Powerful Agencies Than Logic.

By Dr. I. K. Funk.

IF unreasoning fear may be creative of a reasoning fear, why may not unreasoning courage, confidence, hope, at times be creative of ground "based on reason" for all of these elements? Like tends to produce like; courage, courage; hope, hope.

In battle, as elsewhere, one of the chiefest things to fear is fear; many a battle has been lost, and many a time the map of a continent has been changed because of wild panic. Fear is contagious, and so is courage, and both are inspired far more easily by example and by appeals to sympathy and to the will to faith rather than to reason. When Bismarck, in the times of the Franco-Prussian war, thundered out, "Germany fears nothing but God," his appeal was to faith rather than to reason. Hours of argument would not have so fired the German heart. And when Garibaldi addressed his soldiers, "Follow me and you shall have hunger, and sickness, and rags, and death," their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The appeal was to the unseen—to what is beyond reason. And so Christ's appeal when He said, "You shall be hated, and hunted, and killed, but not a hair of your head shall perish; in your hearts possess ye your patience," and tens of thousands went down gladly to death.

The mightiest of all human impulses lie far beyond the plane of the syllogism. If we would lead men upward it is surely well for us to know that reason is not the most potent faculty, nor has it the clearest eye. Marvelous as is logic, should we succeed in reducing the whole of man to that level it is quite likely that we shall find that we have gone far toward unchaining the tiger.

Writing as a Business.

By E. J. Martin.

WHY does any one take to writing as a calling? There are reasons enough. It is one way to get an honest living, and a man may lawfully choose it, and may live by it, better or worse, and be happy in the practice of it. Writing is both a profession and an art. On its money-getting side it seems to me not a particularly good profession. A successful lawyer or a successful doctor commonly earns more money than a successful writer, and there are vastly more lawyers and doctors who succeed in a measure worth talking about than writers. But a man seldom takes to the profession of writing with money-making as his primary object, any more than he takes to the ministry or to teaching for that purpose. He takes to writing because he likes it and has a turn for it, or because he cannot wait to fit himself for some other profession, or is debarred for some reason from other professions, or because opportunity offers. Once he commences writing and undertakes to live by his work, he will probably want to get out of it all the money he can without sacrifice of things that are worth more to him than mere money. Mere money, for example, will not tempt a wise man, let alone a good one, to take service with a newspaper which he does not approve, nor to write trash, which, being capable of better things, he knows to be trash, because the market for trash happens to be better than the market for literature. There is no great harm in writing trash, sobeit it is not vicious, if a man can do no better. But for a man of real talent and literary power to turn away from art, and the truth that art must express, to trash and drivel is prostitution. It is a writer's duty to write his best, and he cannot turn his back on that duty for long without paying the penalty in reputation and in power.—Harper's Magazine.

The Cost of Children

By Wm. G. Lightbourn.

LET us recognize frankly that children cost money. Besides food, clothing and doctors' bills, they require room.

A large family often means bitter poverty, holocaust crowding and a constant struggle with debt. It means that the boys and girls must be taken early from school and sent into stores and factories or into the streets to sell papers. It means lack of education, lack of opportunity to develop strong bodies by healthful play, and perhaps the subjection of tender children to vicious surroundings.

The conscientious working-class parent, wishing to give his children a fair start in life and looking forward to such consequences, refuses to sacrifice the interests of his first two or three children by adding to his family burdens he cannot carry.

He sees to that, meagre as his income is to-day, it would be much lower were it not for the protection of his union. Now, the strength of the union lies in its willingness to fight (strike) whenever and wherever its interests are threatened. A strike is a contest of endurance, and in such a contest the man with a large family is terribly handicapped.

But strong as are these motives for limiting the size of a family, they are as nothing to one other—the general uncertainty and insecurity of life under present-day conditions. One such period of hard times as we are going through this winter does more toward teaching self-restraint and caution to working-class parents than all the preachers in Christendom can undo in a generation.

Not Quite What He Meant.

The man who thought he had the knack of saying pleasant things calculated to warm the cockles of the coldest heart, was recalling the town in which he spent a summer twenty years before.

"I'm Miss Mears. I don't know as you recall me," said a coquettish elderly spinster, approaching him in the postoffice the day after his arrival.

The really heart warmer turned with his most beaming smile and wrung her hand.

"Recall you?" he echoed, reproachfully. "As if one could help it, Miss Mears! Why, you are one of the landmarks of the town."—Tit-Bits.

Ludwig has completed the steel structure of its great stadium where the Olympic games are to be held this year. It is designed to accommodate

Who Gets Them?

Teacher—Who gets the wicked little boys that stay away from Sunday school?

No answer.

Teacher—Come, you can tell us, Casey."

Casey—De White Sox gits some, an' de Cubs de rest."—Bohemian.

Couldn't Act Lifelike.

Stage Manager: "The girl that takes the part of the sleeping beauty in the show can't go on tonight."

Business Manager: "Why not?"

"She are a Welsh rabbit and she can't sleep."—Southern Statesman.

All in One.

Sunday School Teacher—And you have no brothers or sisters?

Little Elsie—No, ma'am. I'm all the children we've got.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SOUL-BUILDING.

Souls are built as temples are—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lest the foundation stone,
Then the courses framed to bear
Lift the cloisters pillared fair,
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are—
Based on earth's eternal law,
Sure and steadfast, without flaw,
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar.
—Susan Coolidge.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

The automobile had broken down at least five miles from the nearest place at which it was possible to get help.

Trenton and Miss Bassett sat inside, sheltered from the storm and wrapped in comfortable robes, while the chauffeur hunted for the trouble and slapped his arms around himself to keep from freezing. It had not been very cold when they started. The blizzard had come up suddenly, and the snow was falling so rapidly and drifting so badly that their chances of getting through would have been very poor even if the car had not gone to the bad.

"What are we to do?" Miss Bassett asked.

"Well, we might get out and tramp through the snow either to Woodsville or to Midvale," Trenton replied.

"You do not seem to be taking this matter very seriously."

"Yes, I am. You don't know how serious it is to me. I happen to own this car, and standing out here in a snowdrift all night isn't likely to do it a bit of good."

"I'm so sorry that I am likely to be the cause of financial loss to you. If I had refused to come it would not have happened."

"Yes, it would."

"I don't understand how it could."

"Do not flatter yourself, Miss Bassett, that I should have sat down and moped if you had declined to come. There were other girls who would have been glad to be invited."

"Then I suppose you had already thought it out when you came to me."

"Thought out what, please?"

"You had gone over it all in your mind—had decided if I had declined to come you would come with one of the others, since you had satisfied yourself that you had only to ask any of them in order to receive an acceptance."

"No, to be candid, I hadn't thought much about it. There was no occasion for that. You see, I knew you were coming."

Miss Bassett turned and looked out at the blinding snow that was whirling past, driven by a wind which was increased in velocity every minute. The chauffeur was standing with his back turned to the storm, apparently at the end of his resources. He seemed to be half frozen, in spite of his big fur coat and the cap that was drawn down over his head.

"Why don't you send him off to search of help?" Miss Bassett asked, turning to Trenton.

"I have been thinking of doing that. I am glad you have suggested it."

"I can't see why you should wait for suggestions from me in a case of this kind."

"It occurred to me that you might think I was conceited if I sent him away."

"Why should I think that?"

"You shouldn't, but I was afraid you might. You see, I didn't want to have you sit here and wonder, after I had sent him off, what reason I had for supposing that you preferred me to him as a companion."

"I have no doubt that many chauffeurs are estimable men—much more so than are the men whom they serve; but I have never been in the habit of turning to them for social diversion or companionship."

Trenton felt that it would be well for him to turn his attention for a moment to the chauffeur. He got out and held a brief but earnest conference with his man, after which the driver started down the road through the storm and in a few minutes disappeared.

"How long do you think it will take him?" Miss Bassett asked after Trenton, shivering and looking worried, got inside.

"I haven't any idea," he replied. "If he gets through at all it will be extremely lucky for all of us. The storm is getting worse and worse."

Miss Bassett drew back as far as she could in her own corner, pulled the heavy robes around her, and looked out at the world, which was rapidly disappearing under an avalanche of snow. It was beginning to get dark, although they had hardly been on the road an hour, and it was barely 2 o'clock when they had left home.

Trenton watched her out of the tail of an eye, and made himself comfortable in his own corner. Thus they sat for half an hour in absolute silence. It had grown quite dark, and Trenton began, at last, to wonder how long the lady was likely to be able to keep from breaking down. Just then he spoke:

"There must, at least, be a farmhouse somewhere near here," she said.

"Very likely there is," he replied. "Of course I would not ask you to put yourself to any trouble or inconvenience on my account, but if you think it would be dangerous for you to remain here alone all night you might accompany me in an endeavor to find some better place than this in which to wait for the rescuing party."

"If you care at all for my advice, I would suggest that we remain here. You can make yourself entirely comfortable. We are much more safe where we are than we would be wandering around in this storm. I know people who sleep outdoors every night in the year. The doctors say it is a good thing to do. Do you feel at all cold? If you do, there is another robe here that you can have."

"I'm not cold, thank you, but I do not care to remain here any longer, however comfortable or beneficial it might be to wait."

"Very well. I will accompany you if you feel compelled to take your chances in the storm."

As they were getting out of the automobile they heard the jingle of sleigh bells, and a moment later a team attached to a bob-sled approached them. The chauffeur had found a farmer who was willing to go to the rescue.

After Miss Bassett had seated herself in the sled and been well wrapped up, Trenton lifted his fur cap and bowing very politely, said:

"Good-by. I hope you may find pleasant lodging for the night, and I offer you my sincerest apologies for any discomfort you may have suffered or may have to face. I will make arrangements in the morning for your safe return to the city."

"Aren't you coming with us?" she asked.

"No. It would be better, would it not, if I remained here?"

"Oh, very well, if you think so," she replied. "You may go ahead, driver, if you are ready."

"On second thought," Trenton said, "I believe I will go."

Without waiting for an invitation he got into the sled and the farmer urged his team forward.

The chauffeur sat on the seat with the driver. Trenton gradually worked his way through the clean, sweet-smelling straw until he was very close to Miss Bassett. The biting snow blew into their faces and the wind howled through the trees by the roadside. The sled tipped dangerously every little while as they went over drifts or got off the road, and almost before she was aware of it one of Miss Bassett's hands lay in Trenton's grasp. They were very near together, and the storm was blinding. Besides, the backs of the driver and the chauffeur were turned upon them. Slipping one of his arms around her, Trenton, with his face close to hers, whispered:

"After all, the good old-fashioned bob sled has some excellent advantages, hasn't it?"

She did not say anything. It was not necessary for her to do so, for both of his arms were around her and she could not have spoken if she had tried to. But she did not try.

She had no desire to put her answer into the form of words.—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Instances of Animal Sagacity.

One of the most remarkable instances of animal sagacity that ever came to light in this section is related by engineer James Parrott and conductor Frank King.

When the southbound passenger train was near Salisburg a mare suddenly dashed up the track right toward the train, running swiftly. It looked as if she would run right into the engine, and the air brakes were quickly applied, slowing the train down to six or seven miles an hour. Engineer Parrott thought the mare was blinded by the headlight, but the train was no sooner slowed down than the mare turned about and went from the train, keeping right down the tracks and making it impossible to run fast lest the animal be struck.

The mare went straight to a bridge over a creek, and when within a short distance of the bridge of the railway it was discovered that the colt of the mare had fallen with all of its feet through the bridge, planting it where it would have been killed but not the mare literally flagged the train. The mare stopped and began whinnying, and the train stopped also. Engineer Parrott, the fireman and others of the passengers got off and, pulling the colt, left the mare to unite with her young as proud as a peacock. Those who witnessed the occurrence say it was wonderful.—Elkins Inter-Mountain.

SCIENCE

Investigating the effect of compressed air on health two British engineers have shown that a pressure of 82 pounds a square inch—more than six atmospheres—may be endured without unpleasant results.

A trade hygienic institute is to be established in Frankfort, Germany, where all matters appertaining to the health and protection of German factory operatives and the working classes in general are to be studied and taught.

Alzen is the name given to a new metal, which is composed of two parts of aluminum and one part of zinc. It is said to equal cast iron in strength, but is much more elastic. Alzen is superior because it does not rust and takes a high polish.

Recent measurements of the vibrations of the wings of a dragon fly in the Stuttgart University showed that they ranged from 10,000 to 12,000 a second. The common house fly makes 600 strokes of its wings a second when flying at its highest speed.

Sawdust is turned into a transportable fuel by the simple device of being heated under high-pressure steam until the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is pressed into bricks. One man with a two-horsepower machine can turn out 10,000 bricks a day.

Instruction on the construction and operation of the turbine engine has been added to the course of the Stuyvesant high school, in New York city. A turbine engine has been installed, and is shown in operation beside an engine of the reciprocating type. The turbine is doing duty in generating electricity, as well as serving for demonstration purposes.

Taking up the old question of the effects of nerve stimulants upon the capacity for work, Armand Gautier has shown that when kola is given to a horse fatigue seems to be lessened, and half a mile or more is added to the distance the animal can travel per hour. It was further proven, however, that the horse loses more weight than the one that has received no stimulant. This drug, like alcohol, can whip up the tissues, but the artificially produced energy is at the expense of the living machine.

A patent has recently been granted in England for a non-puncturing device for tires that is said to be effective. It consists of cotton wool from which sufficient oil has been extracted to render it absorbent. This cotton is then treated with a solution consisting of shellac, gum mastic, and a rubber compound dissolved in benzine. It is then compressed into a crescent shaped piece and vulcanized in the outer case during the process of manufacture. The compound presents a very tough, compact appearance, with a surprising resistance to penetration and puncture, yet is sufficiently flexible to yield without strain to the inequalities of the road. It binds securely to the rubber of the tire.

Cure for Headache.

"The best cure I know of for a headache is to wash your face," said a bright-looking man. "Yes, I believe to suddenly cleanse your face with cold water will open up the pores and probably start the blood in circulation, and I know it will relieve you of a headache in a jiffy. I have tried it myself a great many times, and have always been successful. There is something in the nature of a stimulant in the cold water treatment that braces me right up. My head who GAL SEVEN MOSHER water makes it cool and fresh. I have a theory, too, that people don't wash their faces nearly enough any how, in these days of dusty asphalt streets and soft coal smoke.—Philadelphia Record.

Who Supported Atlas?

Little Ethel is the young daughter of a contractor in Philadelphia. One of her sisters has recently entered into an international marriage.

Ethel was asked the other day by one of the teachers, "Whom did the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?"

"Atlas," answered Ethel.

"Quite right," said the teacher, "and what supported Atlas?"

"Oh," answered Ethel, "I suppose he had an American wife."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Heard Out at College.

The youngster at the big school wrote home as follows:

"Dear Father—I will come home for vacation and fish."

The old man replied:

"Dear Son—Come on. I've got the vacation!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Of the 41,000,000 persons of Japan, but 441 have fortunes of $250,000 or over.